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DANGEROUS CHARACTERS.

PUCK.

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CONTENTS.

His Hands Full.
 Wenman, Spare Those Trees!
 PUCKERINGS.
 The Comic Valentine Season—
 illus.
 Strength with a Difference.
 Dangerous Characters.
 A Plaint from Puck's Private
 Poet (poem)—V. Hugo Dusen-
 bury.
 New Accessions to the Society
 for the Prevention of Cruelty
 to Insects.—Eph. Muggins.
 FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—
 No CXIX.
 Unparalleled Adventure of a
 Nervous Young Man—illus.
 Slam, or Love Game (poem).—
 H. C. Dodge.
 Sketches from the Note-Book of
 an Evolutionist—illus.
 Current Comment.
 To the Onion—poem—Arthur
 Lot.
 Edison!
 ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
 The Theatres.
 The Ball Season.
 HERMESIANAX PRATT.
 EXCHANGES.

HIS HANDS FULL.

WE trust the world at large will forgive us, for we propose to blow our own trumpet a little.

Uncle Sam has certainly every reason to feel in the most amiable mood. Like the Midas of old, everything he touches turns into gold. Prosperity, wealth and plenty smile upon him.

It is with him a perfect *embarras de richesses*, and he literally scarcely knows what to do with all the nice things he produces.

He is getting fat at too great a rate, and if adipose tissue continues to develop in the same proportion as recently, he may soon have to make arrangements for the most powerful kind of anti-fat remedy.

As it is, he is taking some pretty strong doses of it now in the shape of orders for food from the effete old world. The fulfilling of these orders, while it may cause a temporary reduction of Uncle Sam's corporation, will fill his coffers with cash, and then he'll continue to grow fat again until the old world asks for more.

Yes, we have decidedly the best of it in every way. There is little else but tribulation, sorrow, vexation, fighting, and in many instances starvation, in that stupid old world that people talk so much about.

There are too many people there, and, somehow or other, they don't know enough to take proper care of themselves.

One day we hear of a fearful famine in India carrying off several millions of people. Then China has its turn, and beats India by a large, ghastly majority, in the shape of several millions of souls. Other countries, too, take a hand in. And now Ireland comes to the front in the unenviable list.

We may here remark incidentally that she need not fear. We are not going to allow her to starve, although Messrs. Parnell and Dillon

are doing their level best to forward that undesirable consummation.

We want to remain in this pleasantly plethoric condition; we want to cultivate the arts of peace; we want to use all the ships in every port in the country, and dispatch them, loaded with our products, to the remotest corners of the earth.

We want no more war. The fleets that leave our shores will contain material for sustaining human life, not for taking it away, as certain vessels, which shall be nameless, have left other shores for the purpose of killing, sinking, burning and destroying anything they could lay their hands on.

But Uncle Sam has no time to dwell on such matters. He feels happy himself because he is prosperous, and wants everybody else to be likewise, whether he lives in Europe, Asia, Africa or Oceanica. He would like all the surplus population of these parts of the world to come over here and live. There's plenty of room and plenty to eat and drink; and if they don't want to come, we'll send them the food, when they send the "siquidulum."

WENMAN, SPARE THOSE TREES!

PUCK is never allowed to rest. No sooner has he righted one wrong, than, like the noted many-headed Lernaean Hydra, another appears more terrible than the first, and he has his work all over again. But as we have gone in for this kind of business we intend to do the thing properly. We wish to pay our respects to the Park Commissioners, especially with regard to their eccentric proceedings in some of the smaller parks. We refer especially to Commissioner James F. Wenman's vandalism in cutting down the beautiful live shade trees of Stuyvesant Park for no earthly reason whatever. To cut down a sound tree is, in our opinion, a species of homicide; and the perpetrator ought to be made an example of. Mr. Commissioner Wenman need not tell us what disposal has been made of the wood—we don't care; but we should like to know what is his object in tinkering with the Park in such an absurd way. What is he doing to the paths? Why, all through the summer, have the gates been closed at half past five, thereby preventing hundreds of people, especially poor children, from enjoying the pure air? At all times the Park has been kept in a filthy condition, but the present pretended improvements are apparently making matters worse—and are of the most worthless and trivial character.

CONVERSATION OVERHEARD AT THE CHARITY BALL.

YOUNG BLOND MR. SNOBCAD (*attired in white vest, with vulgar solitaire in shirt bosom*—to young Mr. Shoddy Kickyoubacker).—"Ah, Shod, my boy, where are you going to?"

SHOD. K. (*very loud*).—"I'm going to smoke a Regalia Britannica."

Puck and many other people now know that Mr. Shoddy Kickyoubacker has cash enough to buy Regalia Britannicas. We think this acknowledgement is only due to the young man who took such special pains to secure it.

CURSES AND CHICKENS. Jim Blaine used to say that "Davis and Rebellion were synonymous terms." Good. He then alluded to Jeff. Wonder if the same remark applies just now to Dan, of his own State? If not, why then

"What's sass for goose
 Ain't just the juice
 For ganders, with J. B.?"

Puckerings.

THE MAN WE READ OF—Grant.

POOR RELATIONS—Nephews: ask Tilden.

GENUINE "BLUE NOSES"—The Prince of Wales's sons.

"TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA" (N. J.)—Jones and Robinson.

So far as we remember, Mrs. Beecher did not give Mrs. Tilton a public dinner.

PROBLEM IN LOGIC—"If God made the country and man made the town, who made New Jersey?"

EDWARD TIMM, the alleged murderer of Annie Downey, was kissed by his mother-in-law in the station house. The man should be set free at once.

NATURAL OR ARTIFICIAL? Everybody says that citizen Gambetta "has an eye on the French Presidency." But which eye?—his real or his glass one?

Prince Carnival takes off his jester's hat, And opens the ball with vim: But the base-ball youth who's behind the bat— That ball it opens him.

HAYES TO CONKLING (having just removed the latter's home postmaster):

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
 For the whole boundless P. O. D. is ours."

A QUESTION OF ESTIMATES. The Tabernacular Oracle declares it takes very little timber to make a Presbyterian Pope. Query: How much green lumber does it require to build a Tall-mage?

AN APPROPRIATE "HEADING." A contemporary's "Unconsidered Trifles" have been going the rounds of the newspaper press for so long a time that they cannot be "considered"—as original at any rate.

It is terrible, this wide-spread destitution. Here's a member of the Astor family petitioning to have the L road fares reduced to five cents. Those people will be back in the fur-peddling business next, poor things!

OUR old friend the Bohemian girl is married at last. The happy groom is Father Hojda, a Roman Catholic priest, pastor of St. Wenceslaus's church, Baltimore. The maiden-name of the bride is Emilia Liehmann—not Arline.

THE Reverend Mr. Hafermann, the cook-kissing pastor of Hoboken, has written to the German papers to explain that, owing to a heavy moustache and a blister on his upper lip, his kiss was a fluke. The cook has our congratulations.

It is pleasant to all who admire a beautiful exhibition of delicate and gentlemanly feeling, to note how gracefully the wolf-in-sheep's-clothing "retires" from the fold—when there is somebody around to take care of the poor little sheep.

NOTICE.

Number 26 of PUCK will be bought at this Office, No. 21 & 23 Warren St., at 50 CENTS per copy. Also Nos. 92 and 103 at 10 Cents per copy.

In sending copies by mail please roll lengthwise.

THE COMIC VALENTINE SEASON.



CHEERFUL APPEARANCE OF OUR STATIONARY STORES AND NEWS AGENCIES JUST NOW.

STRENGTH WITH A DIFFERENCE.

A STRONG man at the helm is a very desirable thing about a ship. It makes the passengers feel safer, and has a tendency to decrease the rates of insurance. We feel quite safe in asserting that, as a rule, feebleness is not a wholly admirable characteristic in a helmsman.

But there are several kinds of strong men. There is a choice in able-bodied steersmen. It is possible for a ship to get more strong-man-at-the-helm than it wants.

Suppose you get hold, for instance, of a vigorous mariner who employs his muscle to tear out the rudder-ropes, smash the tiller, and generally ruin the whole nautical apparatus? Under such circumstances, you might well be pardoned for preferring a substitute less athletic and more discreet.

Many complaints have been made that the present man at the presidential helm has not quite that grip which he ought to have.

Perhaps these complaints are a little unreasonable; for the mild mariner has to stand comparison with his immediate predecessor, who was, most unquestionably, a strong man.

So strong, indeed, was he that people are now beginning to talk of calling him to the helm for a third time.

No, we take that back. People—the People—are not talking of anything of the sort. But the politicians are trying to get them to talk of it, by coining specious catchwords which they do their best to work into popular circulation.

"A strong man"—it's a very *taking* phrase—and therefore not inapplicable to the man with whose name they try to connect it.

"A strong man"—that is quite enough to carry many an unreasoning voter beyond the bounds of discretion. We must not have a weak man at the head of affairs. By no means! We must keep up our dignity among nations. We must have a government that can enforce its own laws in its own territory. We want no man of wax or straw. Give us strength!

All this is very sound doctrine. It is solid truth. Nobody cares to deny it. And so the politicians have little difficulty in teaching the dear public to say its little lesson over and over again, until it is thoroughly learnt, to the exclusion of many other equally important bits of information.

Thus the dear public gets it into its head that the ONE thing necessary is a *strong* man: and is likely to forget that it is equally needful that he should be also a wise man, a just man and an honest man.

Sheer brutal strength, without intelligence, education or character behind it, may be a curse instead of a blessing. It is not even apt to content itself with a passive harmlessness. It is pretty sure, unguided by a high and worthy purpose, to turn to a bad activity.

We had eight years of strong man without a high and worthy purpose, and we ought to know pretty well what his "strength" meant.

It meant Babcock and Shepherd and Belknap and Murphy and whiskey-rings and land-grabs and salary-grabs and stock-jobbing and Robeson and corruption in high places and generally and particularly the strength of moral rottenness—a stench in the nostrils of decency.

Yes, there are different kinds of strength. Washington was strong; Jackson was strong; Lincoln was strong.

But a dunghheap is also strong—in its own way.

The next strong man who is President of the United States will have to be strong with the right kind of strength.

If the fashionable feller'd buy his ticket—
—buy his ticket—
At Schmidt's in Broad St. or at Steinway Hall—
—Steinway Hall—
He had better hurry up extremely quick, it's—
—extremely quick, it's—
Getting very near the Liederkränzer's Ball—
—Kranzer's Ball!

DANGEROUS CHARACTERS.

IT is unfortunate that a useful profession, comprising some really able, earnest and respectable men, should have been suffering such tribulations of late through the vagaries of some of its members.

It is very unpleasant for upright and virtuous pastors to have their influence for good lessened because a few of their brethren in holiness choose to patronize unclerical practices.

The pastoral calling differs widely from other trades and occupations. Like the respected spouse of a certain Mr. Caesar, its members must be above suspicion. It is an exceedingly delicate profession.

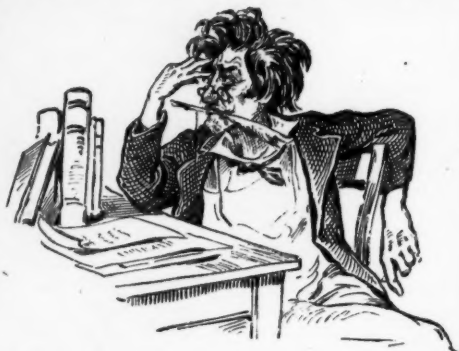
Shysters and swindling lawyers do not make us have any less confidence—if we can ever have any at all—in the lawyer whom we may have regularly employed, apparently without his getting the best of us. The grocer who may fob off on us oleomargarine for butter will not do it again if we know it—but we shall not look upon the grocery business as necessarily disreputable in consequence, for there are honest grocers who will give you the best Orange County.

But if the Reverend Malachi Melchisedec Howler pays superogatory pastoral visits to the members of his flock, and Bishop McStiggins kicks against the ironclad single-spouse conventionality, and the Reverend Mr. Croakem exercises his muscle and intellect with an occasional murder, the average citizen, whose religious belief is often more of a negative than a positive character, is apt to look upon the priest as not a nice man to associate with.

When the air is balmy with the perfume of the violet, and the noble army of tramps turns his face towards shady lanes and green pastures, we shall not be surprised to find that clergymen, both good and bad, will be placed under the same category as the ordinary summer pilgrim and meet with a similar reception from the intelligent villager.

They are both alleged dangerous characters.

A PLAINT FROM PUCK'S PRIVATE POET.



DESPISE me not for that I am a poet;
For that I am a thing mankind abhors:
That when the rain it raineth, I must go
wet,
Not having savvy enough to get indoors:

For that I have not sucked at Wisdom's breast
The wit o'ernight would keep me in sweet
state:

For that indeed I should be sore distrest
B from a taurine hoof to separate.

For that a soul above mere earthly things
Is given to me—it might have been to you.
And oh! blame not the bard because he sings—
It is but his accursèd nature to.

Genius is low—I know it; and I weep—
And weeping, I believe, excites your scorn.
Yet why such contumely should mortals heap
On bards who couldn't obviate being born?

I knew a poet—I want that you should feel
We have a place and use in Nature's plan—
Who once slipped up upon an orange-peel
That might have chanced to hurt a real man.

Ah! hold not, then, my poesy a crime;
Nor from my warbling with aversion fly:
But rather buy the harmless poet's rhyme—
Yea, buy a pretty rhyme, fair stranger, buy!

V. HUGO DUSENBURY.
*Professional Poet.**

NEW ACCESSIONS
TO THE
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF
CRUELTY TO INSECTS.

WE have a new accession to our ranks—the Rev. Mr. Cowley, late boss shepherd of the "Shepherd's Fold"—who claims the protection of the Society against the attacks of vile newspaper men, who seem to think that a shepherd is no more than any other man, and that he is accountable for his acts just the same as though he were one of the vile editors of the vile sheets that vent their vile spleen upon him through their vile columns.

But they are mistaken. A shepherd is a superior being; an insect of a higher type.

But even if he were an ordinary man, why should he be blamed? How, in the name of the Continental Congress, could he be supposed to feed the lambs in his fold, when there was no fodder? How could he provide towels and tooth-brushes and hair-brushes when there was no money? The vile public does n't seem to take into consideration the fact that it requires

* We are pleased to call attention to Mr. V. Hugo Dusenbury's business card in another column. We have employed Mr. Dusenbury for several years; and can confidently recommend his muse as turning out a very superior and reliable quality of office-poetry.

—ED. PUCK.

money to run these institutions, just the same as it does to run any other business.

Besides that, who are these children, anyway? What have they ever done that they should be entitled to any consideration?

Poor Cowley is overwhelmed with grief to think that all his charitable intentions should be so painfully misconstrued. It is exceedingly rough. He is one of the tenderest-hearted of men. In fact, he is soft—soft as putty. He couldn't kill even a child, unless it was smaller than he is, so it couldn't strike back.

If he had robbed a savings-bank and fled to Europe with money belonging to widows and orphans, he might have been entitled to the sympathizing sympathy of these dismal mud-fingers. We are glad he is among us. His lectures on economical diet will do us great good.

We have also taken the market-men under our protection. Just pause and think of it. Why should the venerable old structures known as Fulton and Washington Markets be torn down? There they have stood for hundreds of years, as ornaments to the city during past generations; and now it is deliberately proposed to demolish these elegant and ornate piles—and for what purpose? To put up the price of meat! That is the secret of the thing. As the markets now stand, open to the weather and the public on all sides, we get the advantage of the odoriferous odors free gratis.

Take it on a warm, sunny morning in August, and there are seven hundred and eighty-five different smells coming from these perfumery-shops.

There is a mutton smell, a pork smell, a sausage smell, a chicken smell, a cabbage smell, a fish smell, and so many others that it would be impossible to enumerate them. All free!

And then to think of shutting up these odors—this American perfumery—the delight of all visitors who land on our foreign shores! It is heart-rending.

Our markets are not to be compared with the other markets of the world for a single instant, nor for two or three instants. There is the old granite cradle of liberty, Faneuil, in Boston; the Bonsecours in Montreal—smells all shut in—nothing to regale the sniffing olfactories of the public. Then there is the Spring Garden Market in Philadelphia—smell all washed out clean every other day; and then the European markets—who does not remember that funny old market in Bologna, with its quaint booths and stalls?

No, no. Let us venerate the structures of the past a little more. Ah, well I remember Washington Market when I was a boy, with its classic roof, thatched with a thousand unlimbered peach-crates, and a thrifty crop of old boots, shoes and broken boxes, the nightly haunt of angelic cats. Let it stand forever!

Yours pathetically,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

CORRECT.

NEW YORK, January 26th, 1880.

ED. PUCK—Dear Sir:

In your last issue, by a typographical error, or, possibly, a lapsus pennæ, you style my society as "for the prevention of cruelty to 'Animals'" instead of "Insects." I am running no opposition against our good friend Mr. Bergh, who is engaged in a great work in his own sphere, as I am in mine. Sometimes he overdoes it a little; but there isn't a lame horse, a sick donkey, a "chawed-up" dog, a whipped rooster, nor any other mutilated or abused animal that wouldn't 1,000,000,000,000 times rather that he should over-do it once or twice than that he should not do it at all. I do not say this in any vein of sarcasm, but in sober truth and earnestness. EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

CXI.

CLERICAL DRESS.



Ya-as, I have not had a gweat deal to say of late on the subject of dwess, because, ye know, a fellow cahn't always be botherwing his bwain, and letting everwybody know about the

things which specially annoy him in this country; he might just as well be aw pweaching fwom morning until night.

Aw apwopos of pweaching, Miss Marguerite and I were invited to dine, quite wecently, at the wesidence of some tolerwably wespectable people.

I say aw tolerwably wespectable, because I believe the aw pwopwietah, severwal ye-ahs ago, was an extwemely vulgah personage of verwy inferwiah orwigin, but is now pwe-sident of some wailways and things, gives a fai-ah dinnah, and can pass mustah, even with Jack and me, faw a temporwarwy gentleman. But these wemarks have not a gweat deal to do with pweaching or clerwical dwess, about which I am wathah desirwous of making an observation or two.

Two or thrwee of the fellaws pwesent at the dinnah were clergymen. Ye see, the host is pwominently connected with a church. It would have been verwy difficult to know faw a certainty that this was their pwofession by their wearwing apparwel; but they were pwesented to me as Weverwends—aw I've weally forgotten their names—so that I pwesume they are engaged in weligious affai-ahs.

But aw why couldn't they pwocure bettah tailahs, and not have a lot of wetched clothes hanging fwom and wound them, as if they were mutes at a funerwal, or Wadicals, Rwanters, Materwialists, or fellaws of the Bwadlaugh stamp, who are always kicking up a wow about something?

Of course I nevah expect to see any non-conformist pwiest or ministah as wespectable or as decently attired as the most inferwiah curwate in our wegulation and pwopah Anglican Church.

His whiskahs are pwopahly twimmed, and he invarwiably pwesents the appearance of a gentleman, even if his coat is cut in a clerwical style.

He doesn't wear a superwabundance of hair, weminding one of a lion with an ovahgwoth of mane, nor does he let his beard wun wild, aftah the mannah of some widiculous artist and lunatic fellaws who do not usually patwonize hair-dwessahs extensivly.

Not only did these particulah ministahs wesemble wild men of the forwests, about their head, but their coats were of lustwous bwoad-cloth, fitting horwibly, and their waistcoats weached a considerable distance below their corporwations.

Such a gweat contwast to the church fellaws whom I have been accustomed to wecognize at home, ye know.

These weligious pastahs apparwently exercise a vast influence ovah a large numbah of a certain class of people, who, if they do not altogethah agwee with his doctwines, wemain undah his jurwisdiction, because the fellow has acquired some sort of weputation, and is voted fashionable.

Ya-as, people he-ah take their weligion verwy much as they do their waiment—because it is aw considahed the corwect thing, and the style aw.

UNPARALLELED ADVENTURE OF A NERVOUS YOUNG MAN,
WHO UNDERTOOK TO OCCUPY AT NIGHT A FRIEND'S HOUSE DURING THE LATTER'S ABSENCE IN THE COUNTRY,—
WITH A SLIGHT REFLECTION OR TWO ON THE "FINEST POLICE FORCE IN THE WORLD."



With fear and trembling he makes an inspection of the premises.



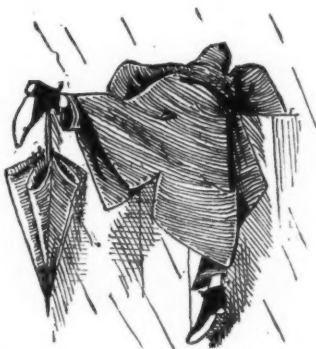
'Midst the roar of the elements he endeavors to lose himself in the humor of PUCK.



Finally determines to fortify the inner man with two or three pints of lager.



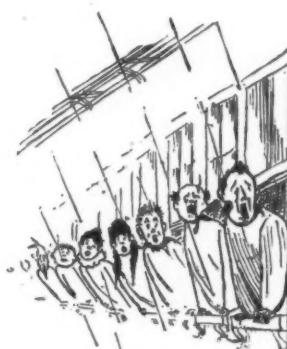
On returning, discovers that he has left the keys inside.



Brilliant idea—goes to the rear and climbs into the back yard.



Inserts his arm through the kitchen door.



Which arouses all in the neighborhood, who notify the Police Department;



Who give the usual burglar alarm.



And tap gently with their clubs on the front door —



Much to his surprise and terror.



And they go for him.



After which he is mildly persuaded to "brace up."



And to have confused dreams —



Wherefore he is fined \$10 and admonished not to do so again.



And whereupon he wends his way homeward.



And drinks to the health of the gallant boys in dark blue.

SLAM, OR LOVE GAME.

[NOT ACCORDING TO HOYLE.]

THEY were sitting quoit alone
Draw-ing close together,
When he s-poker lower tone—
Not about the weather.

"Darling, you are faro fair—
All-four you I'm sighing—
Say euchre for me and spare
One pool lover dying."

"Billiard don't know what you say,
And dice scarce believe you;
Take back-gammon while you may,
Or roulette me leave you."

Ecarté hand clasped round her own
To checker from departing;
Her piquet moment more had flown—
A loto tears were starting.

"Shall I trust free dominoe man,
Who money may bezique-ing?
Call rounce some other time, he can—"
She saw his tears a-leaking.

"I think keno-s his heart the best—
And I care naught for rich chess;
I'll soon be forty-five confessed
And loo-k like forty witches."

"Do not think card of me, dear Will,
Discard you will I never."
Why did he cut her tender thrill
By saying "cardly ever?"

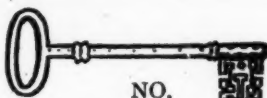
"What, do you of ten-pin afore—"
She rose. "Whist ay no longer;
I'll hear no bagatelle me more."
She slammed the door in anger.

In vain poor Will tried pouring Hoyle
Upon the troubled water.
He shuffle-d off his mortal coil,
As every joker ought 'er.

The found his car casino pool,
Where frogs still croquet warning
That Pinafore oft makes a fool
Go quickly into mourning.

The wo monte-ares her hair, now gray;
Her raffle life is passed:
She uses rouge-et-noir ty way
To make her cribbage last.

H. C. DODGE.



quite
draw
spoke a

fair, oh
all for
you care
poor lover

Bill, you don't
I scarce
back gammon
you let

he got a
check her
pique a
lot of

freedom in a
be seeking
round some

he knows
riches
forty-five
loo

think hard
discard
cut
hardly ever

often Pinafore
we stay
beggar tell
slam

oil

shuffle.
joker

carcass in a pool
croak a

woman tears
half a
rouge, a naughty way
crib age.

CURRENT COMMENT.

DUCKS AND DRAKES.—The story of Le Duc's departmental aspirations in the agricultural line is probably only a canard.

DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.—Washburne, E. B., once called Bismarck "a Yahoo sort of a feller." And yet that old galoot of a German Chancellor isn't happy.

"CALL ME PET NAMES, DEAREST."—Citizen Henri Rochefort is a picturesque journalistic mud-thrower. "A Judas in spectacles" is his other name for Emile Ollivier.

POKERISH.—According to newspaper report Mr. Eugene Schuyler has "raised the pot" (*vide* Schenck) on Peter the Great to the tune of \$8,000. And Schuyler doesn't play a "skin game" either.

SQUARE ON ONE THING.—Poet Longfellow has once bragged before some Cincinnati school-children that he is growing old. But that's not much. Several parties who are not poets are doing the same thing every day.

PARTIAL DIPLOMATS.—Will the Spaniards begin to think, by-and-by, that we have no whole men left in this country? Sickles was a one-legged diplomat, and Fairchild, the latest comer, has only one hand. Might not the kingly Alphonso very properly demand the whole instead of a piece of a minister?

NIL DESPERANDUM.—One of the waiters in a Leadville hotel used to be a member of the New Jersey Legislature.—*Exchange*. Which goes to show how, with perseverance, industry and energy, even the lowest in the social scale may rise to distinction and usefulness. Let other unfortunates of the New Jersey Legislature take hope from this shining example and go and do likewise.

ECCLESIASTICAL DISH-WASHING.—Ritualism surpasses itself at Newark, New Jersey. During the late consecration of Bishop Starkey, in that town, it devolved upon Bishop Seymour to "cleanse the vessels" (which is Ritual for "wash the dishes") after the offering of the sacrament, and that worthy ecclesiastic proceeded to business, so we are told, by "wiping the paten with his hands and licking his fingers and the paten" afterwards! Who shall deny the progress of this ecclesiastic age?

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.—Will General Grant retire?—*Herald*. We think so. He has been in the habit of retiring for some years past at about 10:30 P.M., when not later detained at the—the lodge, we believe it is called. The *Herald's* solicitude on this point is, however, somewhat significant, and ought to remind the General to lock up his silver spoons and any other little article of *virtu*, loosely lying around, before retiring. Over-solicitous newspaper scribes generally have some object in view—especially if it be portable.

BALM FOR THE BENIGHTED.—An anxious enquirer of "Notes and Queries" in the *Sunday World* wants to know where and how situated is the following piece of poetry:

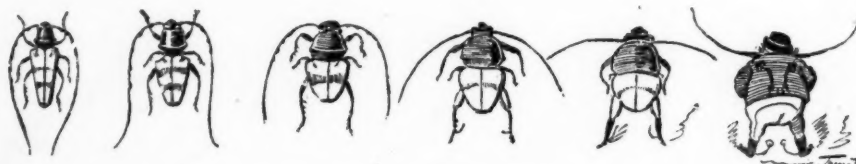
"The year is dying—let her die."

Out of consideration for the agonizing strain upon this correspondent's moral being, we voluntarily rush to his assistance. The line specified is a misquotation. The proper reading should be:

"The year is going—let her rip,"

and is to be found among the earlier writings of Confucius.

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN EVOLUTIONIST.



FROM THE COCKROACH TO THE CAVALRY CAPTAIN.



FROM THE SUGAR-BOWL TO THE "SOLID MAN."

TO THE ONION.



H, highly-scented root!
I've loved thee long, I've loved thee well!
'Tis true thou dost not suit
Some folks who have a dainty smell;
But I
Love thee in coat of red or white,
E'en though I eat thee out of sight,
And on the sly.
If thou wert gone, what mortal could make hash?
And then would not all boarding houses smash?
Without thy form, who could a meat-stew bide?
And thou art luscious boiled, or roast, or fried!
Of course I know
No maiden ever should eat thee
The night that she expects to see
Her beau:
But I say boldly, as for me,
I'd let all charmers scoot,
If they'd wish me to part from thee,
Oh, highly-scented root!

ARTHUR LOT.

EDISON!

FATE AND THE LIGHT.

A PROLONGED AND UNSATISFACTORY
BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

THE MISHAPS OF AN INVENTOR.

SUCCESS PERSISTENTLY POSTPONED.

BUT THE LIGHT A
BIG THING.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR ESTEEMED CON-
TEMPORARIES FOR THE NEXT
HUNDRED YEARS.

MR. EDISON'S ELECTRIC LIGHT.

MR. EDISON'S electric lamps have now been burning for three hundred and sixty-five days, and their undimmed brilliancy is a complete refutation of the ignorant and the unprincipled slanders of pseudo-scientists. Mr. Edison states, in direct contradiction of various unauthorized reports, that he is completely satisfied with the success of his invention; and that he will be ready to exhibit it to the public at large within a few days. The present brief postponement is caused solely by an unfortunate accident by which all the new annealed glass globes have been cracked, the great inventor having inadvertently sneezed within eight or ten feet of them. Mr. Edison is now inventing an electric snuff, to obviate sneezing.—*N. Y. Star, Feb. 1, 1881.*

MR. EDISON'S LIGHT.

To a reporter who visited him in his laboratory yesterday, Mr. Edison said that his light was fulfilling his most sanguine anticipations. Several of the lamps had now been burning 87,000 hours, and showed no perceptible diminution in their brightness. A central station would already have been established in New York; but that unfortunately his work had lately been brought to a standstill by the disablement of his principal dynamo-magnet, from which all the electricity had been drawn by the accidental contact of a large black tom cat, who had got into the laboratory at night. Mr. Edison hopes to guard against any such mishaps in future by the use of an electric gun which he is now engaged in perfecting, with galvanic roof and ridge-pole telescopic sight.—*N. Y. World, Feb. 1, 1891.*

EDISON'S LIGHT.

Everything is quiet at the Menlo Park laboratory. Edison states that his light is doing all that could be required of it. He has recently

succeeded in subdividing the electric current into one thousand more parts than anyone else has ever yet attempted. He is not, however, ready, as yet, to exhibit his light to the public, a large blue-bottle fly having lighted on the fly wheel of his principal generator, and put the machine entirely out of gear. Edison is now going to work to invent an electric fly-paper, to nip all future flies in the bud.—*N. Y. Herald, March 1st, 1900.*

TOM EDISON'S LIGHT.

The Edison electric light is not ready for exhibition yet, and their seems very little prospect of such a desirable consummation. The hopeful Tom says he is satisfied; but he has nothing to show the public so far. He would have brought the light to New York this week, but his machinery has been badly damaged by the noxious odor of cheap cologne on the handkerchief of an itinerant scientist who called at the laboratory a few days ago. Edison is now perfecting plans for liquefying the electric fluid for use as a perfume. "It is strange," he remarked to our reporter, "how many little things have in this way been suggested to me in the course of my great work."—*N. Y. Times, July 4th, 1920.*

EDIE'S LITTLE LIGHT.

Mr. Edison informed our reporter, last week that his preparations for exhibiting the electric light in New York were going on finely. They had been in some measure retarded, he said, by the destruction of his entire system of electromagnets through the carelessness of Mr. Joaquin Miller, who had thoughtlessly repeated a verse of his poetry aloud in the workshop. Edison proposes to construct a species of innocuous electric poets, to supplant the present article.—*N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 26th, 1940.*

THAT LIGHT.

The electric light was to have made its appearance in New York yesterday; but it did not, although the inventor expressed the utmost confidence in its perfection, on account of a serious disturbance in the current, which perturbation he can only attribute to the recent change that has been operated in the mind of Mr. G. W. Childs, A.M., of Philadelphia, on the subject of the efficacy of carboic acid for corns; M. Childs having been converted from a position to a negative belief on this subject. Edison expects to have no further difficulty, however, in this direction, as soon as he can apply his new electric intellect, now in process of construction, to Mr. Childs.—*N. Y. Sun, Dec. 24th, 1960.*

THAT BLANKED LIGHT.

The electric light will not be seen in New York at present. The inventor, Mr. Thomas A. Edison, announces that his prolonged series of costly experiments has exhausted all the electricity of the earth, and he will probably be obliged to wait for a new supply until he can perfect an incidental invention—his new patent electric universe, warranted to work independently of reporters and rival scientists.—*N. Y. Daily Graphic, Jan. 1st, 1980.*

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Here she is.

A. C., P. O. Box No. 1395.—As you see, you have made a double-page hit with your little suggestion. Whenever anything strikes your mind again, let us hear from you; and accept our thanks in the present instance.

F. I. C.—Always glad to hear from you; though you may not always send just what falls in the line of the paper. Your "Bois Brulé" does not exactly fit PUCK; it is too quiet and serious; but, except for one or two little eccentricities in the versification, it is a piece of verse that would be welcome in almost any other paper. Our compliments on your recovery.

THE THEATRES.

There has been a change for the better at the STANDARD. "Our Candidate" is one of the things that used to was, and has been succeeded by Rice's Surprise Party in "Horrors."

At BOOTH'S THEATRE, Messrs. Abbey and Hickey introduced, last evening, their "Humpty Dumpty and Spanish Students." Our remarks must, therefore, be deferred until next week.

HAVERLY'S THEATRE invites people to come and laugh, while they can, at "The Tourists in the Pullman Palace Car," who, it appears, cannot positively appear again in New York this season.

Levy continues to toot at Koster & Bial's CONCERT HALL, and Mr. Rud. Bial still has charge of the grand orchestra, which nightly delights large audiences composed of our best citizens.

What can we say about "The Shaughraun" which has been revived at WALLACK'S with some of the original cast? Nothing, because our steam-presses won't wait until we write a notice. We yield to the inevitable and must defer our remarks until next week.

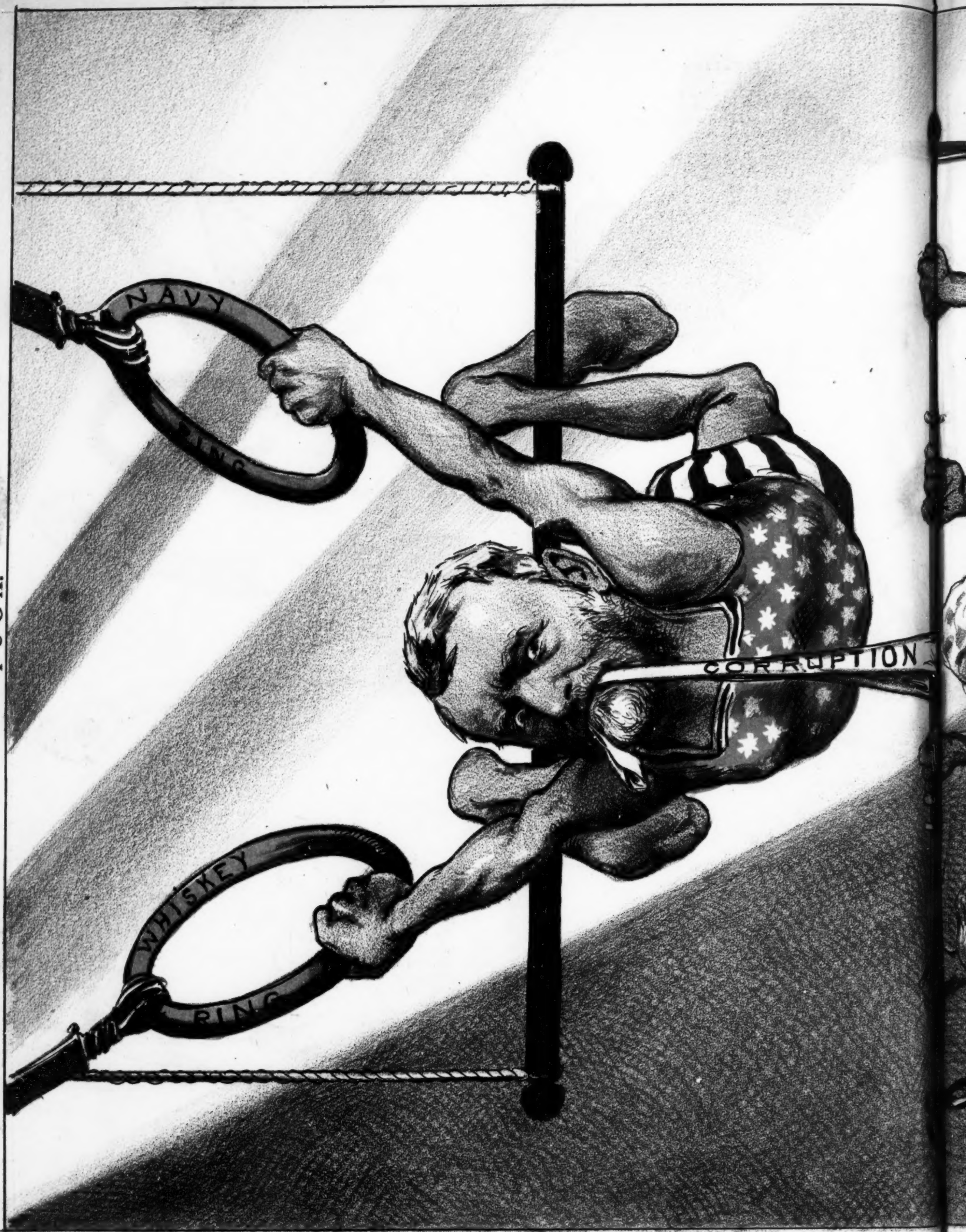
"The Galley Slave" has now reached its eightieth performance in the city, and it is extremely well acted by the semi-new company at Niblo's. Miss Emily Rigi, Miss Lilly Glover, Mr. Joseph Wheelock, and Mr. Owen Fawcett, are all well suited to their parts, and Mr. Bartley Campbell feels that he is having justice done to his creations.

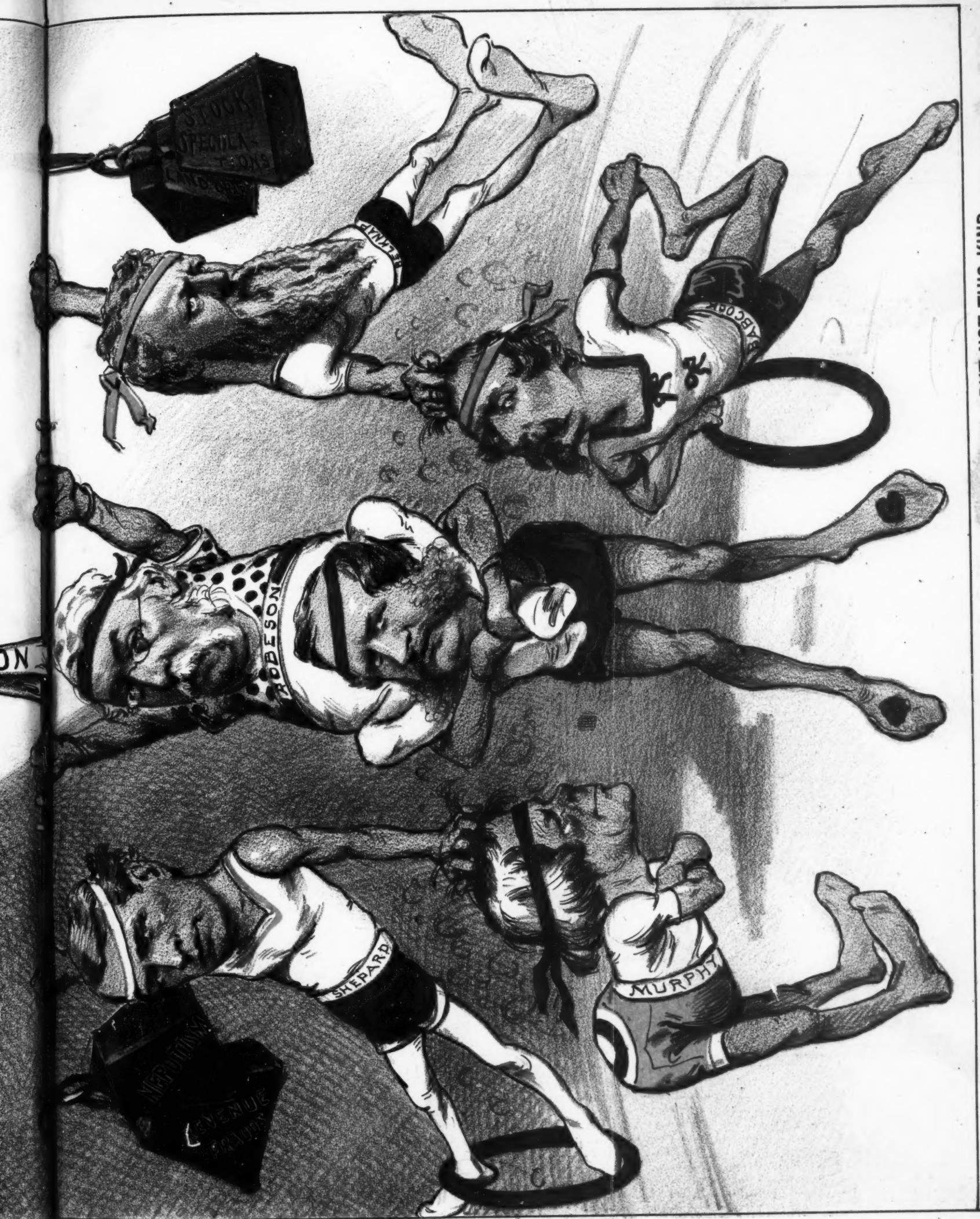
The production of the "Royal Middy" at Mr. DALY'S elegant theatre was decidedly the event of last week. It was quite a success; not only on account of the intrinsic merit of the music and the amusing character of the plot, but also for the very satisfactory manner in which the piece was sung and acted. It will draw well, and must prove a formidable rival to the "Pirates of Penzance." Mr. Daly has evidently spared no expense in the mounting. Miss Catherine Lewis as the *Royal Middy* was the life of the piece. It is rare to see on any stage a character filled with such admirable intelligence, spirit and chic; the most was made of all the possibilities of the part. Miss Mary Fielding, as the *Queen*, sang sweetly and correctly, though obviously suffering from sickness; but missed the dramatic opportunities of the rôle. Mr. Hart Conway played and sang the character of a Brazilian millionaire in a very agreeable manner. Mr. Alonzo Hatch's indifferent acting was balanced by the excellence of his singing and phrasing. Mr. Charles Leclercq did nothing with the part of a pottering old courtier that will help to sustain his reputation. The game of chess with thirty-two live children introduced in the second act besides being something of a novelty, as a spectacle was exceedingly pretty.

THE BALL SEASON.

THE Charity Ball was an unqualified success. A large addition must have been made to the Nursery and Child's Hospital fund. The Ball is a good ball as balls go, and Mr. Arthur Leary and the managers, generally, deserve great credit for the gratifying result. It is attended by many of the people who are "in good society," and by all the people who *want* to be "in good society." Beyond this, it is a ball without any distinguishing feature or marked characteristic—a huge, overgrown evening party. Only one thing was noteworthy about the affair of Thursday night—that although this is the most timorously respectable of all public entertainments, there was a vast deal of extremely décolletée dressing, whose quality scarcely excused its quantity.

PUCK.





PUCK WANTS "A STRONG MAN AT THE HEAD OF GOVERNMENT"—BUT NOT THIS KIND.

HERMESIANAX PRATT.

HIS VARIEGATED ADVENTURES IN ALL THE COUNTRIES
OF THE GLOBE, INCLUDING SOME UNKNOWN
TO JULES VERNE.

EXTRACTED FROM THE ORIGINAL, EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. ROBIDA.

PART FIRST.—OCEANICA.

CHAPTER III.

CONSULTING AN AUTHORITY.

THEY wondered at this very much, did those monkeys, and they began to fear, after a while, that it was a hereditary weakness, arising from the neglected physical education of some ancestor. This became more and more a source of serious anxiety to the friends and guardians of Hermesianax. They did not beat the youth, as we do our backward children; indeed, they had the moral feebleness to seek by all kind means to encourage him to feats of lofty gymnastics; and when they found that he couldn't be encouraged to any remunerative extent, they never once attempted to take it out of him; but merely worried over it in secret.

One day, however, Hermesianax was summoned from his feeble imitations of the daring gymnastics of his comrades by his beloved foster-parent, who picked out of the large and very much tangled crowd of pickanninies Hermesianax and the most agile one of all his young friends. Leading each one by the hand, he approached a venerable ape, whom our hero had never seen before. He was the oldest monkey imaginable. He looked about a million-and-a-half: he was white-headed all over him, appeared to be highly respected by the entire simian populace, and generally had all the marks of a first-class bore.

To this venerable person Hermesianax was led, and the venerable person examined Hermesianax closely—twisting him into more extraordinary contortions than the best-articulated lay-figure could ever be capable of.

It was evident that this inquisitive old person was the principal medical authority of the neighborhood, and that he had been summoned to find out the cause of Hermesianax's physical inferiority to his young brethren.

The old gentleman's diagnosis of the case lasted two hours, and made Hermesianax very stiff and sore in all his joints. But it ended by the investigator's discovering what was the matter with Hermesianax. He hadn't a tail.

The old monkey found that out.

No one else had observed it before.

This shows the acumen of the old monkey; the unobservant ignorance of the other monkeys, and the taillessness of Hermesianax Pratt.

There appeared to be a general disposition among the mass of common monkeys to know if the fatal oversight of nature was to be a permanent curse to the blonde young stranger. The venerable ape replied to their queries by a professional shake of the head.

But then he exhibited another professional characteristic—that of the doctor who cut off his dying patient's leg, "just to amuse him." He obviously thought it necessary that something should be done for Hermesianax; so, under his direction, several apes scoured the country to find the most irritating and unpleasant herbs possible, whereof they composed a plaster which was applied to the base of the spine, with a view to encourage vertebral elongation.

As a matter of fact, it did not accomplish this effect; but it went very near to spoiling a naturally fine disposition. Hermesianax sat down for a week on stinging-nettle plaster, and if he did not develop a tail, at least he made a start in the way of a temper.

When they found that it was of no use, they gave it up, did those good apes. They were sad; but they tried no more experiments. They felt that their young friend was the tailless butt of fate, and they simply sought to make his position more tolerable to him.

They tried to call his attention to his inferiority as rarely as possible. They did not crow over him; not only because apes, as a class, do not crow; but because they thought that it would be mean.



Still, it preyed on the young man's mind. The considerate courtesies of his compeers were very kind, he knew it; but all the same, they didn't help him much toward a tail.

And without a tail he felt that he was a miserable wretch. He could read commiserating contempt in the eyes of the young maiden monkeys; he knew that he could never aspire to woo and win even the most unattractive of the hirsute houris of the isle—and the thought was more than he could stand.

A terrible resolve began to take form within his breast; continued to take form, and finally took form.

He would expatriate himself. He would rid the happy isle of his hopeless deformity. He would hide his shame far from friendly eyes.

And so, one day, when he happened to find an uprooted cocoa-nut tree floating close in shore, he tenderly embraced his adopted parents and his young companions, and, jumping on before they could stop him, swung off on the bosom of the broad Pacific, where we first met him.

CHAPTER IV.

ON BOARD.

"Blooming Skyscrapers!" remarked Captain Manatee Smith, of the good ship *Airy Albatross*,* as he trod his quarterdeck one fine morning, his vessel lying becalmed in somewhere about the same latitude and longitude that we mentioned at the beginning of this tale: "do me old eyes deceive me, or do I see flotsam and jetsam and things sailing up this way from the other side of the horizon? Call the first mate here; and speedily, or I'll blow his brains out with a belaying pin."

The first mate came. His name was Zebulon Cochection. He looked through a marine binocular, and said that the captain's eyes did not deceive him. This showed discretion

in the first mate. Mr. Cochection also added that, being as the object was flotsam and jetsam and things, 'twould perchance be as well to send out a boat and gather it in.

The Captain remarked that he was just about to do so; and the boat was sent.

Under the command of the first mate, the crew of the captain's gig rowed straight for Hermesianax—for it was Hermesianax—we know that you guessed it right off, and we don't mind telling it.

When that animated flotsam was reached, the first mate used the captain's own private profanity to hail him; which was improper and impertinent; but just what a first mate will do when he gets a chance.

"Hi, you there!" he called: "Blooming Skyscrapers! Who are you?"

The first mate got no information on this point from the gentleman he addressed.

"Blooming Skyscrapers! Whatcher doin'?" further queried the first mate.

But he remained unsatisfied on this head also.

"Where's your clo'es?—Blooming Skyscrapers!" inquired the ungrammatical first mate.

Hermesianax did not tell him where his clothes were, though it would have been a good opportunity to rebuke his ignorance; but he cheerfully asserted himself by jumping off his cocoa-nut tree into the boat, which at once returned to the ship. [We might describe how that boat went along; how she cleft the water, and rode the billows; and how her oars glittered in the sunlight; but we won't. We are hurrying things up all we can.]

Captain Manatee Smith was standing at the top of the gangway, or whatever is the right nautical name for it, when Hermesianax came aboard with a hop, skip and a jump, and disturbed the equanimity of the ancient mariner.

It would disturb the equanimity of almost any man to receive, full in the stomach, five feet nine inches of young man in a comparatively protoplasmic state.

It made the Captain say: "Blooming Skyscrapers!" And this original oath he had occasion to use several times within the next five

* We do not vouch for the excellence of the craft. We know nothing about her rating; but we have observed that ships are always "good" in serial stories; and we mean that ours shall be up to the standard.

minutes, for Hermesianax suddenly turned a series of cart-wheels about him, then about the first mate; and proceeded in this vivacious manner to inspect every man in the crew from all possible points of view.

One man was on duty in the main-top-mast. Don't ask us what his duty was. Sailors are always doing these absurdly athletic things. Let it be enough to say that it was that sailor's duty to fool around that main-top-mast, and he did.

Hermesianax made a special journey to take him in. Mr. Pratt was only a mediocre monkey; but for a man, he was agile; and he went up that mast in a greased-lightning style that quite astonished the mariners.

When he had circulated about that last man, had come down on deck and surveyed the Captain once more, to make sure, he astonished them still more by an exhibition of acrobatic joy that would have made a contortionist cry.

No more humiliation — no more contempt! He recognized the fact that he had found a new race of apes, made after his own imperfect fashion.

Tails were at a discount!

CHAPTER V.

A SECOND ADOPTION.

"Blooming Skyscrapers!" said the captain: "what is this anyway?"

Hermesianax turned several somersaults, but did not further attempt to enlighten his querist.

"What's your name?" asked Captain Manatee Smith.

"Mebbe he don't know no English," the first mate suggested: "try him on furrin langwidges."

The captain was strong on foreign languages; and he immediately tried them:

"Commonng vooz apply vou?"—"Sprecken zee Doich?"—"See-eighty-Eyetalyahno?"

Hermesianax evaded these questions by a masterly silence.

"What'n Blooming Skyscrapers are you, anyway?"

Hermesianax was acquainted only with the extremely limited vocabulary of the Simian language, and the inflections of the human voice struck him as rather hard, and eminently meaningless. It may therefore be understood that he was scarcely qualified to carry on an extended conversation in any one of the languages in which the captain had addressed him. The captain himself, it may be remarked, was in precisely the same condition of incapacity, so far as that point was concerned. His fluency in French, German and Italian was limited strictly to the delivery of the sentences quoted above. When the exigencies of social communication went beyond those somewhat unsatisfactory utterances, he asked the other man to take a drink. This simple plan, he found, enabled him to get along very nicely with foreigners in general.

Now he stood still and debated on his next move. And he might be standing there still, had it not been for his first mate, who called his attention to the leather bag hanging from the neck of Hermesianax.

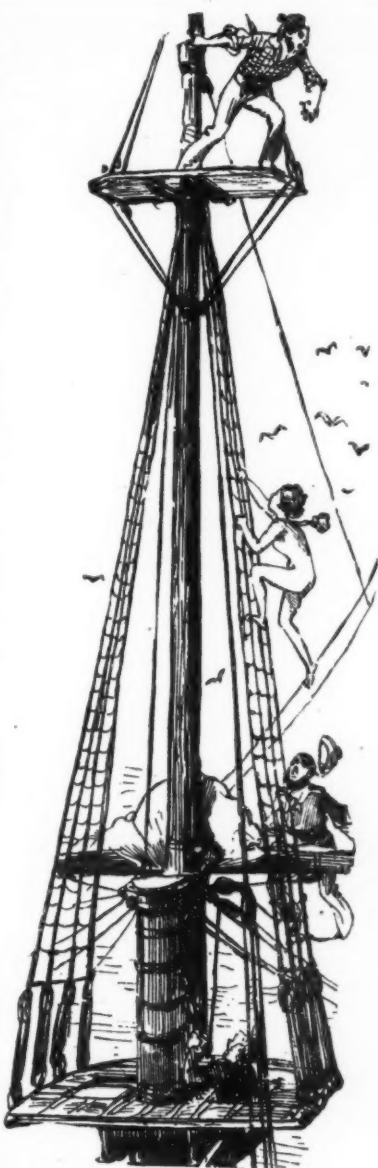
The good apes had hung it there long ago, under the erroneous impression, created by their having found it in the cradle with him, that it was a part of his anatomy. [We might have mentioned this long ago; but we preferred to save it till now, when we could bring it in with dramatic effect, as it were.]

"It is a terbacker bag," said the captain, with that penetrating insight into the nature of things which had always distinguished him.

"So it is," coincided the first mate, with that marvelous unanimity which is always so beautiful and convenient in a first mate.

"Suppose we open it," said the captain, with that presence of mind which was also one of his many strong points.

"S'pose we do," said the first mate, with that readiness to recog-



nize merit in his superior officer which was one of his most sedulously cultivated traits.

The bag was opened, and the baptismal certificate extracted and read. [The captain *could* read.]

"Blooming Skyscrapers!" was his comment: "yer hand, me hearty! I knowed your father—Cap'n Pratt. 'Twas me own ship that ran *his* down—right hereabouts, a good ten years ago."

"That's a healthy young stormy petrel for ten years old," said the first mate, admiringly.

"It is," said the captain, his eyes filling with tears: "boy, your parient and me was old friends and intimately associated—even in the last little ockerdness. I stove in his bows; but—Blooming Skyscrapers! I'll adopt his son. Consider yourself adopted!"

(To be continued.)

YOU KISSED ME.

You kissed me! My forehead drooped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest.
While the holy emotion my tongue dared not speak
Flashed up like a flame from my heart to my cheek!
Your arms held me fast, oh! your arms were so bold!
Heart beat against heart in their passionate hold.
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies;
And your lips clung to mine till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp from that rapturous kiss.
You kissed me! My heart and my breath and my will
In delirious joy in the moment stood still;
Life had for me then no temptations, no charms,
No visions of pleasure outside of your arms,
And were I this instant an angel, possessed
Of the joy and the peace that are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes unrepiningly down,
And tear from my forehead its beautiful crown.
To nestle once more in that haven of rest.
With your lips upon mine—and your head on my breast.
You kissed me! My soul, in a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man foolish with wine;
And I thought 'twere delicious to die there, if death
Would come while my lips were yet moist with your breath.
'Twere delicious to die, if my heart might grow cold
While your arms wrapped me round in that passionate fold.
And these are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my lips taste but once such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast was my shelter, as then:
And if you were here would you kiss me again?

—Miss Josephine Slocum Hunt, afterwards Mrs. William A. Wood.

The following has been tacked on to the foregoing by the St. Paul Pioneer Press. It is a far better piece of work, technically; and the sentiment is, in our opinion, much healthier and purer:

I KISSED YOU.

I kissed you, I own it, but did not suppose
That you, through the papers, the deed would disclose,
As free-loving cats, when on ridge-poles they meet,
With their squalls of "You kissed me" disturb the whole street.
I kissed you. The impulse as suddenly came
As that cold-looking cloud is transformed into flame.
My act was the lightning that glances and thrills,
And yours the loud thunder that blabs to the hills.
I kissed you. As kissed the poor Carian boy,
In dreams, his Diana, so cold and so coy,
And foolishly fancied, encircling your charms,
A maid—not a match-box—was clasped in my arms.
I kissed you. The zephyr on tiptoe passed by,
The moon with a kerchief cloud hid her soft eye;
From the bough that swayed o'er us, all silvered with dew,
With half-smothered titter the katydid flew,
I kissed you. All nature, in counterfeit sleep,
Half promised our secret, so sacred, to keep;
No ubiquitous press correspondent peeped through
The leaves. I was "interviewed" only by you.
I kissed you. Then, scared at my boldness, I deemed
You had fainted, or else you would surely have screamed;
But no; you not only all censure forbore,
But, like Oliver Twist, are now asking "for more."
I kissed you. All others may do it who choose,
But I to repeat the performance refuse.
On your lips I will never again print a smack,
By the press or by note you may send that one back.
I kissed you. The poetess—Sappho—of old,
Like you, was so warm that her Phaon grew cold,
So she ended her love and her life in a pet—
I presume there are equal facilities yet.



Puck's Exchanges.

THE TRIALS OF A MODEST MAN NOT ACCUSTOMED TO THE WAYS OF GERMANY.

MR. PRENTICE MULFORD thus writes to the *San Francisco Chronicle* from Vienna: After awhile I discovered that the Viennese who did wash themselves washed themselves all over at the great public baths, and not in the little pint pitchers of water they kept in their bedrooms. So I went to the public bath. I did not know what to ask for, but I knew German enough for water. I went in and said, "Wasser." They took my meaning immediately, or they might have seen that I needed washing. I declare the ridiculous amount of water they furnish one leads to dreadful results.

There are two passages leading into the great five-storied bath barrack—one for males the other for females. Of course I took the wrong one, and was shoved back by a woman with a towel. I didn't see that it made much difference, for the attendants on both sides were females. Marie showed me to my bath-room. Marie was a big, brown, black-eyed Austrian maid, in round short skirts. She went ahead of me with an armful of towels. She opened my bath-room door. I went in. She came in after me. I was quite unprepared for this. But she wasn't. She seemed used to it, and went to work. She spread a sheet on the bottom of the bath tub. I don't know what it was for, but they always do it. At all events it takes off the rough edge of the zinc for one's skin. Then she turned on hot water and waited. I waited also. Out of regard for the proprieties I removed only my hat. I would not even take off my collar before Marie. The water seemed a long time running in. It generated a cloud of steam, which gradually filled the small bath-room, and through which vaporish atmosphere Marie and I saw each other dimly. Finally she gave me all the hot water I was entitled to and left. Relieved, I sprang to the door. There was no lock upon it. I hunted in vain for some kind of a fastening. I sat down uneasy. Then I removed my coat and collar. Then Marie burst in again with another towel. Then she went out. How was I to bathe in peace with that confounded girl continually intruding on me?

Then I tried to turn on some cold water and couldn't. By this time I had removed many of my garments and barricaded the door with my jack-knife. Instead of having sensible faucets, by which a man could regulate his own flow of water, these require the use of a wrench to turn them. The wrench, I suppose, was kept by the attendant outside. I did not know any German for wrench, and if I had, dared not call for one with the prospect of the young lady's bringing it. So I sat down on the chair, which I had backed up against the door as an additional security against Marie, and waited for the water to cool. It takes hot water a long time to cool in Austria. Finally I got into the tub. I think it could not have been much below boiling temperature. I got out again pretty quickly, blushing all over and sympathizing more heartily than ever with boiled lobster. It was an uncomfortable bath. I suffered externally from the water, and internally from fear of that possible Marie. But she never came again. She left a large pile of linen for me. I examined it. There was one

towel about as large as a napkin, and two large aprons, which reached from my head to my heels. The aprons puzzled me. I utilized them for towels. A friend afterward told me their use. They are to put on, the one before and the other behind, on getting out of the hot bath, and you sit in them and ring the bell for the attendant to enter, turn off the hot water and let on the cold. Marie all this time was waiting for my bell to come in and turn on cold water. She never heard that bell. I put on but one of these aprons, the forward one. It fitted me perfectly. It would fit any body. It was a splendid dress for hot weather; so easy to put on and off; so loose, cool and comfortable; so easy to slip out of, and, if need be, fan yourself with the skirt.

A LIVERPOOL boy recently hung himself because "somebody found fault with him." That boy was certainly not born to be a country editor.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

YOUNG man, remember these things, while in the height of single blessedness: Seven dollars a week with solitude will pan out further than ten dollars with twins.—*Oswego Record*.

WHEN you see four or five children who need combing, washing and patching, holding a convention on the front step, you have come to a house where the mother paints pottery.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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It is said that a blue-eyed woman with blonde hair can out-lobby all the black-eyed women in Washington. They have got a positively irresistible way of puckering their mouths.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"What is home without a wife?" asks the *Yonkers Gazette*. It is the dining room in the parlor, the coal-bin in the kitchen, the clean shirt in hiding, a depot for soiled clothes, a trysting place for divorced stockings, a smoking furnace, a private pandemonium, a cavern of profane rumblings, a lunatic asylum. More.—*Rochester Express.*

Yes; the Pope's new organ is called *Aurora*, but it is not a morning paper. The Pope, by the way, doesn't find the editor's chair a bed of roses, as it were. When a gentleman from the north of Limerick called at the office the other morning with a copy of the *Aurora* in one hand and a savage club in the other, and demanded the name of the person "who writ that 'ere," the Pope said he couldn't tell a lie—it was "the work of the intelligent compositor."—*Norristown Herald.*

THE *Commercial* has fixed over an old map of the Turko-Russian war and calls it the Cincinnati *Commercial's* Weather Map. Some familiar names replace the unpronounceable ones in the original, but you can see remains of Russian and Turkish forts and fortifications scattered all over it. The mysterious terms Bar. and T. are frequently employed. For instance, the other day we observed that by Chicago stood Bar. 30.12, T. 30. We studied over it for some time and then concluded that it meant, while the average Chicago man's expense for tea is only thirty cents a day, his bill at the bar amounts to \$30.12. Wonder what use he had for so much tea.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

THE charity balls have been unusually successful this winter, and in many instances the poor dressmaker has realized a profit of \$75 on one costume, and the poor tailor has been scarcely less fortunate, while the poor florist has had more orders for \$8 bouquets than he could fill, and the poor livery men have had all their carriages out all night at \$2 an hour, and the poor caterer has realized his usual profit on Jersey cider at champagne prices. In the meantime we believe the poor people who don't know how to do anything but saw wood and dig ditches have gone on starving about the same, but then a charity ball can't be expected to take care of all kinds of poor people.—*Hawkeye.*

PUCK, our comic contemporary, has solved the problem, of which so many unsuccessful solutions have yet been offered—whether a purely comic paper could obtain a permanent foothold in this country. Two causes militated against this success in former years. In the first place, most of our newspapers, especially the country press, have had their columns of wit and humor, supplying their readers with abundance of food for laughter. In the second place, former comic journals took the English *Punch* as their prototype, and supplied a quality of humor which was not fitted to touch the tender places of American risibility. PUCK was a new departure, and bore in its first numbers a promise of success which it has more than made good. Its pictorial satires of American social and political life are drawn with a strong pen, guided by a close observation of current events and a keen insight into character. PUCK has begun the year with great spirit, evidently confident that the new-comer will not prove any wiser than its venerable predecessor, and will supply salient points enough for weekly festoons of good-humored or scathing art.—*Home Journal.*

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Elegant Silk HANDKERCHIEFS and Mufflers, 25c. to \$1.50.
Scarfs and Ties, elegant styles, 50c. to \$1.25.
White and Scarlet Flannel and Knit UNDERWEAR, 60c., 75c., 90c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50.
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SHE banged her hair in the latest style,
And wore a dress of black;
And a pair of light ten-buttoned kids,
And a long black sealskin sacque.
Her face was rouged, her eyes were blue,
Yet she stood as staid as a mummy;
But this was in front of a dry-goods store.
In fact, she was only a "dummy."
N. Y. Express.

"Why are wives what they are?" asks an
exchange. We suspect it is because they get
married.—*Norristown Herald*.

BEECHER is credited with saying that the
credit of what he has accomplished in this life
is due to his wife. Due, but unpaid.—*Phila.
Bulletin*.

It will never do to advise the patriotic Bos-
ton women to vote as they fight. There would
be too much scratching at the polls.—*N. O.
Picayune*.

THE electric light may be brilliant and all
that sort of thing, but there's nothing like a
tallow candle for dropping grease all over the
carpet.—*New Haven Register*.

"GREET all the brethren," says St. Paul,
"with a holy kiss." Now, why will so many
pastors misinterpret the word "brethren?"
asks the *Chicago Journal*. Simply because
they are aware that the brethren include—or
rather, embrace the sisters. (Somehow this
don't go right. It should be *vice versa*.)—*Norristown Herald*.

We know a man who is such a fanatic in the
belief that continual progress is essential to his
happiness that he will not drink milk because
he thinks it is going back to "first principles."
—*Hackensack Republican*.

A MAN in Owego, Tioga county, has written
a piece of poetry, and now they are going to
hang him. It may be as well to add that the
man was convicted of murder before he wrote
the doggerel. There is nothing to hinder
would-be poets from being warned in time,
however.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A LADY recently had a premonition that as
soon as she printed her first volume of poems
she would die. The premonition was fulfilled.
We would earnestly call the attention of a large
number of poetical young ladies and gentle-
men to the fact that things generally happen
without any premonition at all.—*Courier-Jour-
nal*.

THE woman who can sit still and smilingly
entertain a male visitor, perceiving all the time
that he has succeeded in wriggling all the pins
out of her new tidy, and is at that precious
moment calmly sitting on it, and will be prob-
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next world if she does not receive it in this.—*Andrews's Basar*.

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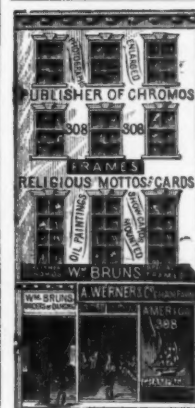
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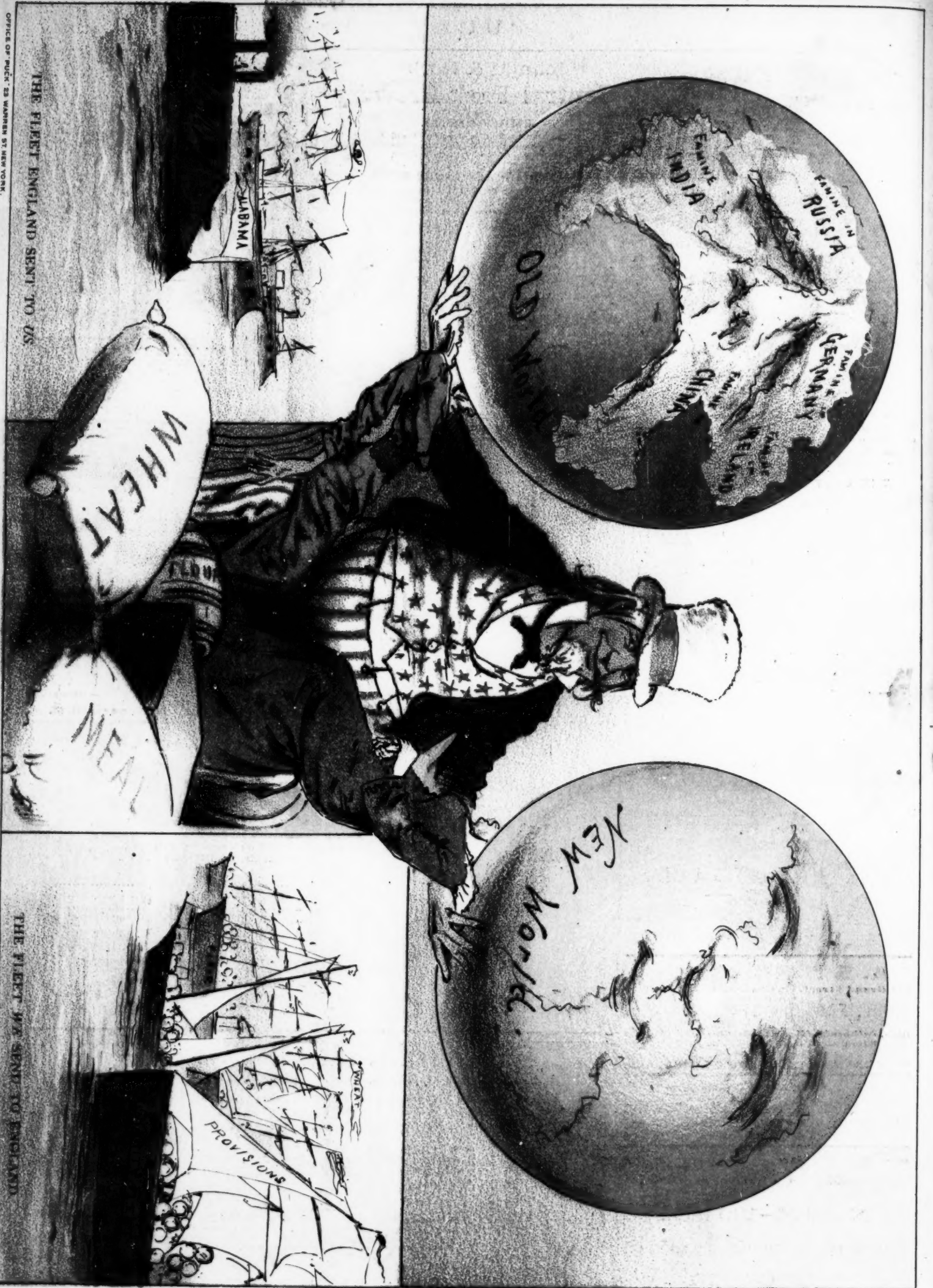
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